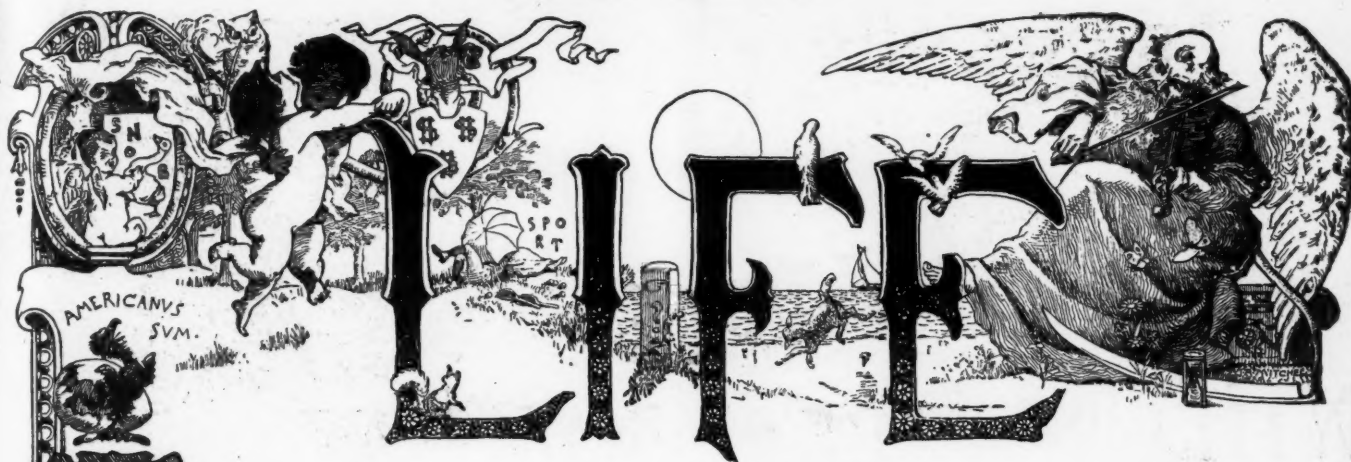


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CANINE PNEUMATICS.

"I AM GOING TO HAVE MY DOG'S TONGUE SPLIT!"  
"WHY, DEAH BOY?"  
"DONCHERKNOW I THINK IT WOULD PUT CREASES IN HIS PANTS."

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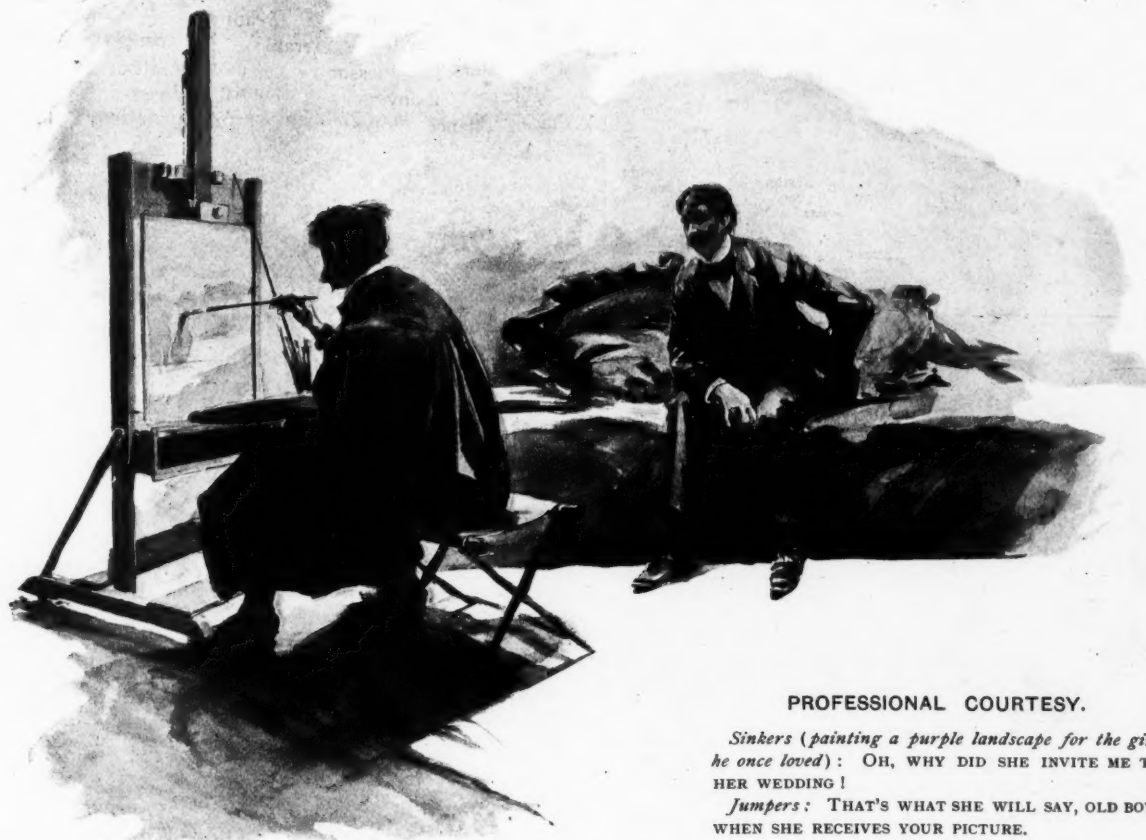


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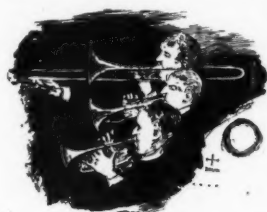


PROFESSIONAL COURTESY.

*Sinkers (painting a purple landscape for the girl he once loved):* OH, WHY DID SHE INVITE ME TO HER WEDDING!

*Jumpers:* THAT'S WHAT SHE WILL SAY, OLD BOY, WHEN SHE RECEIVES YOUR PICTURE.

A REVELATION.



**MISS CLASSIQUE** (*at popular concert*): Of all things! See Herr Vognerite's great orchestra playing "Johnny, Get Your Gun."

**FRIEND:** It is on the program.

**MISS CLASSIQUE:** I know, but they play it as if they enjoyed it.

**HIGBEE:** Miss Loveleigh always fires one with sweet thoughts.

**BRADFORD** (*sadly*): Her father doesn't.

**A** COLORED woman presented herself as a candidate for confirmation in the diocese of Florida, and was required to say the Creed, the Lord's Prayer and the Commandments. She got through with the first two fairly well, as somebody had evidently been coaching her, but when it came to the last she bungled and hesitated, and then remarked in a confidential tone to the clergyman:

"De fac' is, Mr. Turpin, I hasn't been practicin' de Ten Comma'dments lately."



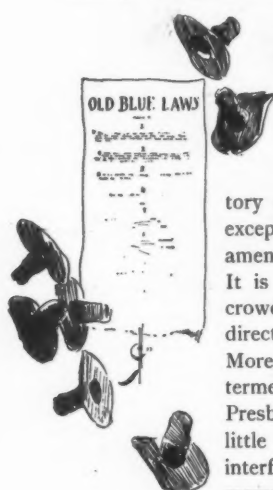
TAKEN WITH A LITTLE SALT.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXIV. SEPTEMBER 20, 1894. No. 612.  
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

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LIFE'S sympathies have been somewhat stirred in behalf of two Boston men who were recently fined in the district court of Waltham, Massachusetts, for playing golf on Sunday. It seems that in Massachusetts it is a statutory offense to play anything on Sunday except poker, but the Bay State ought to amend its rules as far as golf is concerned. It is a quiet game that does not attract crowds, and which brings its devotees into direct contact with the works of nature. Moreover it is a Scotch game, and may be termed with little violence to verity, a Presbyterian practice, so that it lacks very little of being affirmatively religious. To interfere with such a form of Sunday recreation seems to LIFE very ill-advised, but there is nothing so apt to bring about

the amendment of bad laws as to enforce them. So it is through the vexation of such statute breakers as the Waltham golf-players that Massachusetts must hope in due time to attain to a Sunday law that fits the times. Almost everywhere where Sunday laws exist in this country, they serve largely as a means for the annoyance of decent people by cranks. In New England especially they are shockingly out of date, and at variance with public sentiment, but being rarely enforced, they have been suffered to lag superfluous long after it was time to revise them. They were invented for a population that was largely rural, that got ample exercise and out-of-door employment during the week, and that had a strong preference for spiritual dissipations on Sunday. Naturally they bear hardly on a population that tends more and more to dwell in cities, that works in offices or factories during the week, and which while still largely a church-going population, is much less inclined than its Puritan forbears to make church-going the exclusive occupation of the day. Sunday was never so valuable a day to Americans as it is now. Laws that protect it wisely are useful, but laws that hinder decent people from getting the sort of

peaceable recreation out of it that they need are a nuisance, and one that it is well worth the time of legislators to abate.

\* \* \*

IT is years since the newspapers have told such a tale of horror as came the other day from the Northwest. Not since the Johnstown flood has America seen a calamity so appalling, and even that was less dreadful than this, since swift destruction by flood is preferable to being burned alive. Most disasters bring a lesson with them, but no one has been able to suggest any moral to these recent fires, unless it is that our appliances for making rain are unworthy of our civilization.

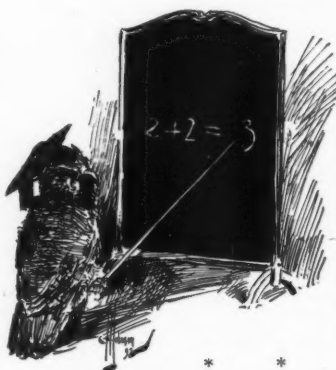
\* \* \*



IT is interesting to learn that the deliberations of the United States Senate are presently to be shared by Governor Tillman, of South Carolina. That State had a good many sins to answer for, and it is possible that in getting Tillman for her Governor she got no more than she deserved; especially since his administration seems to have been a worse blow to her pride than to her material prosperity. Tillman is not likely

to do the Senate any harm, and it may do him some good to go there. He is rather an uncouth person, and doubtless very ignorant, and very far removed in most respects from the American ideal of a Senator. But if Tillman can stand the Senate, the Senate can surely stand Tillman. The American people are not so proud of its elder house just now as to be sure that any man who can get into it will prove unworthy of the company he will find there. A Senate of Tillmans might be a calamity, but a Tillman in the Senate is more like a joke, a sorry one to be sure, but passable.

\* \* \*



THE wool growers of Ohio speak of the most popular clause of the new tariff bill as "the free wool infamy," and predict that it will soon be wiped out. So hard it is for any protected interest to learn the lesson that a tariff should be made for the people and not a people for Tariff.

\* \* \*

MR. LEXOW and Mr. Goff are hard at it again grinding out infamy for the New York police. But, gentlemen, time creeps on apace. Why don't you go for some of the big fellows instead of using your harpoon to spear minnows? It's surely worth your while to land an Inspector or a Commissioner or two.





POOR GIRL! SHE HAS HAD A LONG VACATION, BUT IS MORE EXHAUSTED THAN WHEN SHE LEFT THE CITY. SOMETIMES THERE IS HARD WORK IN THESE SUMMER VACATIONS, DON'T YOU KNOW, AND ONE FINDS TOO LATE THAT THE GAME IS NOT WORTH THE CANDLE.

#### NEWS FROM NEWPORT.

WE learn from the *Mail and Express* that

Mr. James J. Van Alen, Mr. Ogden Mills and Hon. Perry Belmont are talking of giving a picnic, perhaps on Thursday, but no date has yet been set.

Whose idea was it?

This should have been stated, for in conceptions of such a nature, impartial justice ought to be rendered. It is manifestly unfair for Mr. Ogden Mills and the Honorable P. Belmont to share the glory of the thought if Mr. J. J. Van Alen was the originator. If, on the other hand, the keen intellect of Mr. Belmont shot forth this glorious fancy upon an anxious world he alone should bear the honors. And so with the perhaps too modest Mr. Ogden Mills. If his invention, why

should the reporter slice the immortality, for the benefit of the Van Alen and the Belmont? But on this point, the reporter has left us in suspense.

There is a sadder possibility in this mysterious announcement, but we shrink from dwelling on it. The paragraph in question is, to the reader who misses its hidden meanings, unspeakably trivial and flat. Now it is conceivable that the reporter knew this scheme to be the joint production of the three intellects in question, and he was so surprised at even

this result that he hastened to publish it. But this theory, although simple and inviting, we are inclined to reject as unfair to Messrs. Van Alen, Belmont and Mills; While none of them have a national reputation for any form of mental superiority, it by no means follows that they are below the average in ordinary every-day intelligence.

Let us rather accept the kinder theory that if the item is worth publishing at all, it is owing to some subtle beauty of a hidden thought. And even upon this basis we fear its publication was a mistake, as the public at large—and we regret to say it—cares relatively little whether these three persons are at home or on a picnic. This indifference is possibly due to the belief that these gentlemen would be out of danger in either case. Stylish citizens of this description although less interesting perhaps than some others still have their uses in the world. And we should all be sorry to have them stung to death by bees or carried off by an excess of hard boiled eggs. Sardines are another picnic danger, and we earnestly hope that if this outing takes place the Mills, Van Alen and Belmont interiors may be spared the painful sensations that often follow and even attend these rural festivities.

If we read, later on, in the *Mail and Express*, that Mr. J. Jonas Alen poured the coffee down a lady's back, that Mr. O. Van Mills wore a hat full of marmalade, or that the Honorable B. Belmont sat upon the only pie, we shall attribute it, not to intoxication, but to the ordinary luck of picnics.



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N. H.....	35.16
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Graw, Margaret Ralph,	
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	\$4,044.36

## MISUNDERSTOOD.

ADA: Isn't it good to be out of the horrid city and in the fresh, lovely country? Aren't you glad you're here? I am.

JACK: Oh, thank you! I —

ADA: I mean I'm glad I'm here.

MACK: They had a consultation of doctors at Higbee's yesterday.

BRADFORD: Whom did they call in?

MACK: The undertaker.



WHILE THE NEW LONDON BRIDGE IS VERY CONVENIENT FOR PASSING SHIPS,

## A CORRECTION.

IF an injustice was committed in the paragraph to which Lady Somerset alludes, it gives us pleasure to have it rectified:

HAINE'S FALLS, NEW YORK,  
August 30th, 1894.

To the Editor of LIFE.

Dear Sir: I have always entertained an admiration for your excellent paper, and have recognized how much power is combined in its witty utterances and great artistic merit.

I therefore venture to ask you to publish this letter, because I read an article in your last issue which I think is unfair as well as untrue. In this paragraph you editorially assert that Miss Willard and I have favored the bicycle for women, solely as a means of introducing a costume which shall imitate men's as closely as possible and emancipate women from petticoats. As a matter of fact neither Miss Willard or I have ever written or spoken on this subject. Miss Willard rides the wheel, but has never worn any other costume than a short street dress made according to the ordinary mode. I am not a bicyclist, and I have

never touched the question of women's dress from any point of view. I believe that Miss Willard's well known utterance—"Womanliness first, and afterward what you will"—applies to this as to all else in which women are called to take their part.

I have advocated bicycling for women because I have seen in England the benefit that hard worked girls have derived from such exercise. In a country where the barbarous fashion still prevails of requiring the girls who serve in shops to compress their waists into an eighteen-inch circumference, where the long hours of standing behind counters in exhausted air breeds disease, where such women seldom have the pure joy of seeing the summer beauty of our country lanes, I hail the bicycle as a new source of healthy life, expanded interest and of innocent freedom and pleasure.

Miss Willard recognizes the mischief that has come to American women through lack of exercise, and consequently imperfect physical development, and she advocates the use of the bicycle because from personal experience she has learned how much such outdoor pursuits can do to restore tired brain and weary nerves.

I think it unworthy of a paper so full of wit and gay wisdom as



IT MUST AT TIMES BE ANNOYING TO PEDESTRIANS.

LIFE to construe our advocacy of the wheel to mean a desire to introduce among women that which may seem unwomanly and therefore to be regretted by their warmest friends. I believe that in time a costume will be devised for the bicycle as appropriate as the riding habit is to horseback. On this aspect of the question I have nothing to say save that whatever is fitting is eternally in good taste.

Yours truly,

ISABEL SOMERSET.

#### CONVERTED, BUT —

SCENE: *Camp-meeting; young man coming down from the mourner's bench.*

ANXIOUS FRIEND (*grasping him by the hand*): Is it well with your soul, brother?

YOUNG MAN (*ruefully*): Yes, but I've lost my hat.

#### BOOMERANG.

THE PERSISTENT SUITOR: I neither drink, smoke, nor play cards!

THE DEAR GIRL: Do you think I'm going to marry a freak?

#### TO MY GIRL.

IF I should ask you to be mine,  
What would you say?

Would you my proffered hand  
decline,

And say me nay?

Or would you temporize, and say

Nor No nor Yes?

And have me, tortured by delays,

To try to guess?

Or would you tell me Yes to-day,

You little flirt,

And No to-morrow, just in play,

To see it hurt?

Or would you grant me happiness

For good and all,

And make me earnest answer Yes,

Without recall?

I wish you'd tell me, dear, the truth

Without a mask;

For if you promise Yes in sooth,

Perhaps I'd ask! C. H.

#### READY TO BELIEVE IT.

WILLIS: Deacon Sniffles  
says he votes as he prays.

WALLACE: Very likely; they  
say he prays three times a day,  
and I've heard it intimated that  
he votes fully as often.

PATIENT: Doctor, why  
does whisky make my nose  
red?

DOCTOR: It's because you  
drink it, sir.



A DISCONNECTED STORY.





THIS CAN HAPPEN

THE AMERICAN FATHER MAY BE AMAZED AT FINDINGS ENG





S CAN HAPPEN.

INDINGS ENGLISH SON-IN-LAW NOT AN UNDESIRABLE ARTICLE.



### "THE D-V-L'S DEPUTY."

CONCERNING that important matter known as light opera, the last word has not yet been said.

Ninety-seven or a hundred years from now some erudite pundit of that period may dig out some of our scores and books and wonder why the deuce we attached so much importance to such an idiotic form of so-called entertainment. He will read the libretto and run over the music and perhaps say to himself something about what fools the people of that century were.

In the quiet repose of his studio or study, where the electric light blazes up simply because he hypnotizes it, he won't stop to think that we were a work-a-day people who wanted a change of thought. He won't consider that a lot of us work down in Wall Street every day, and when we come uptown, want to get our minds away from the tape and ticker. He probably won't know that a man can't confine himself to the prices of calicos and sheetings for more than twelve hours at a time. Therefore the aforesaid pundit will doubtless think that we nineteenth century people were a gang of idiots.

In a measure his conclusion will be wrong. Largely he will be right. It will depend to some extent upon what particular opera he unearths. Nineteen times out of twenty he would find book and music that would quite justify any disgust he might feel. Light opera is—even to us—so many

times out of ten a fool proceeding that even from our viewpoint our pundit might well consider us a race of idiots.

Once in a while though, there comes a gleam of brightness that might startle even a pundit. We are a busy people and a bit of color or a pleasing sound is so refreshing to the senses that we are justified in craving it. Hence that disappointing thing known as light opera. We give up many a dollar and a half before we strike a good one. When it comes, we are so glad to find it that the reward to the producers is great.

All of which is *apropos* of Mr. Francis Wilson's "The Devil's Deputy." We say "Mr. Francis Wilson's," because Mr. Wilson seems to be the responsible genius. That is to say, he gives us, better than any of his competitors managerial and artistic, a production that satisfies the requirements of comic opera. His librettist is clever, he selects a competent composer, his artists are carefully chosen and he surrounds these with the proper accessories.

To go into analysis. "The Devil's Deputy" has these things to recommend it. First, the book contains some clever and laughable lines. This is so unusual in comic opera, as it is written, that it deserves special commendation. Next, there is really some music in the piece. It is not especially notable when one considers that it was written by the author of "Erminie," but it is pleasing throughout, and there are some tuneful bits. A stuttering solo and chorus, "Babette," and the trio, "Lady Mine," are instances in point. "The Hayseed Home Guard Drill" might better be omitted.

The settings are excellent. The forest scene with the red

plush canopy is particularly effective. The costumes are striking and artistic.

Mr. Wilson himself, in the character of *Melissen*, a rural inn-keeper, with all the instincts of his trade, has many opportunities to be funny, and misses none of them. His methods are too well known to require comment, and he so candidly criticises his deficiency of voice in the piece itself, that he disarms criticism of his principal defect as an artist.

He has selected his company with good judgment, and on a basis of generosity to the public which is as unusual as it is commendable.



MELISSEN (MR. WILSON).



GENERAL KARAMATOFF (MR. MIRON) AND ELVERENE.



PRINCESS MIRANE  
(MISS RITCHIE.)



ELVERENE (MISS GLASSER.)



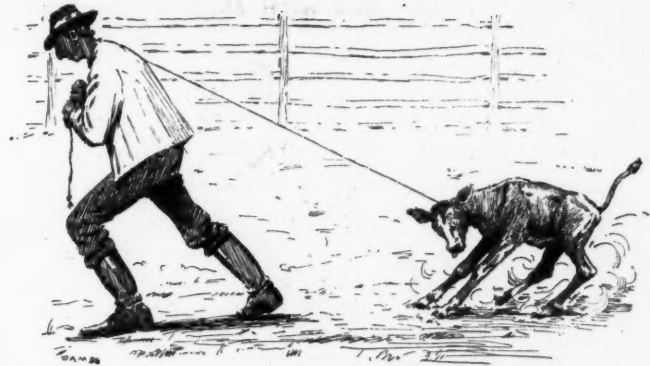
MELISSEN, PRINCESS MIRANE AND LORENZO.

The principal factor is Miss Lulu Glasser, who has the true comic opera spirit. Her *abandon*, brightness and cleverness are well placed and effective. Mr. J. C. Miron is thoroughly artistic in the good solid part of *General Karamatoff*, one of those imposing, impossible, light opera military officers. Miss Adele Ritchie and Mr. Rhys Thomas acquit themselves creditably in rôles that are less ungrateful than the serious parts usually are in light opera.

Taken altogether, "The Devil's Deputy" is far and away the best thing of its kind that we have seen for a long time. It is a brilliant production, and Mr. Wilson has reason to be proud of the chances he has taken in giving the New York public, which sustains so many queer comic opera shows, one which has a claim to reasonable consideration.

Our pundit of the next century may not be so much puzzled about our ways of relieving tired brains if he happens to unearth a phonographic and kinetoscopic reproduction of "The Devil's Deputy," instead of one of the simply tum-tum-tum, "Little Tottie Gum-drops" operas that run a hundred or two hundred nights at some New York theatres.

*Metcalf.*



LEADING A NEW LIFE.

#### HIS REVENGE.

FOR weeks she had played with him, accepting his attentions one day, only to bow coldly to him the next. He had waited long and patiently, and now his opportunity had come. As they sat on the beach together and looked at the moon, he offered to tell her fortune by palmistry. She assented, and taking her hand he looked carefully at its delicate markings. The waves stopped breaking and the moon listened anxiously to hear what he would say.

"You are a flirt," he at length said.

"Indeed, I'm not," she replied.

"O, yes you are; it's perfectly plain from your hand, for if you weren't you wouldn't have let me hold it for half an hour."

Then the stars winked at each other, and the moon grabbed a passing cloud and got behind it.



MELISSEN AND LORENZO (MR. THOMAS.)



## A YOUNG MAN WITH AN IDEA.



## TO STOP GOSSIPS' TONGUES.

*Horatio (to Lucretia):* AS OUR ENGAGEMENT IS NOT MADE PUBLIC YET, YOU HAD BETTER LET GO O' MY ARM WHEN WE GET A LITTLE NEARER TO THE VILLAGE!



## A PERVERSION.

ONCE, a scholar who was plucky, joined the poets' humble ranks ;  
But his "numbers" proved unlucky ; they were all "returned  
with thanks."

He encountered endless trouble ; was, in fact, in awful straits ;  
And sought solace in that babble, "all things come to him who waits."  
Soon his suit increased in brightness round about the parts which show.  
And his linen lacked the whiteness of the pure proverbial snow,  
He the fashions ceased to "follar," saying "manners make the man,"  
Too, he turned his paper collar, 'twas his economic plan,  
He wore boots that drew attention as he sauntered up the street,  
And would *sotto voce* mention he'd a soul above his feet.  
He for days remained unshav'd, and his hair grew very long,  
Friends would note how he behav'd at free lunches with a prong.

In despair he told his matron (she of whom he'd hired his bed),  
That at times rhymes lacked a patron (matrons oft turn out ill-bred),  
And she stared, with arms akimbo, like the wronged one in the play,  
Then she talked of law and limbo in a loud menacing way.  
Then the poet on reflection, as he could not pay the debt,  
Thought he'd sever the connection, and at once about it set,  
So he put his other clothing over that already on,  
And behind him leaving nothing, then determined to be gone,  
Then the outer door soft closing (he was pleased to see the dark),  
While his landlady was dozing, he attained the open park.  
On his plight that night he pondered, as would any homeless man,  
And he walked, in fact he wandered, till he'd hit upon a plan.  
He thenceforth eschewed the muses, caring not for fame nor rhyme,  
And most firmly still refuses to waste time on what's sublime.

Now he lives in (four-leaf) clover, and he dresses very swell ;  
He has the *embonpoint* of Grover, and has rooms at "The" hotel ;  
Since the lyre evolved no glories, he now "tittilates" the truth  
By dictating blood-smeared stories for our sweet and simple youth ;  
From his lips type-writing creatures learn exactly what to say,  
And their figures, eyes and features drive his *ennui* all away.

Walter Pelham.



A SAD-LOOKING gentleman, like a sort of very much retired Hamlet, with a painful expression of face, entered the coffee-room of a country hotel the other day, holding in his hand a small canister.

"Look at this, gentlemen," he said, sorrowfully. "I went into a gunsmith's shop to get something to eat, and the man handed me this can of powder. He said I could go and blow myself up; professional actors were not wanted now, there's so many fine amateurs. I pledge you my word," said the tramp, holding the can within an inch of the grate in which a fire was burning, "I'm so miserable I've a mind to follow his advice."

"Dare you do it?" said a by-stander, winking at the crowd.

The wretched party gave a sad, theatrical, lingering look and tossed the can into the fire.

The company yelled and rushed out of the place in all directions. When they filed in about ten minutes later, the empty can was sitting harmlessly on the fire. Not so the glasses. Four were empty, and several luncheon plates also. Hamlet was gone.—*Lippincott's*.

A COUNTRY minister in a certain town took permanent leave of his congregation in the following pathetic manner:

"Brothers and sisters, I come to say good-bye. I don't think God loves this church, because none of you ever die. I don't think you love each other, because I never marry any of you. I don't think you love me, because you have not paid my salary. Your donations are mouldy fruit and wormy apples, and 'by their fruits ye shall know them.' Brothers, I am going away to a better place. I have been called to be chaplain of a penitentiary. Where I go you cannot come, but I go to prepare a place for you, and may the Lord have mercy on your souls. Good-bye."—*New Berlin Gazette*.

The poet Shelley tells an amusing story of the influence that language "hard to be understood" exercises on the vulgar mind. Walking near Covent Garden, London, he accidentally jostled against an Irish navvy, who, being in a quarrelsome mood, seemed inclined to attack the poet. A crowd of ragged sympathizers began to gather, when Shelley, calmly facing them, deliberately pronounced, "I have put my hand into the hamper, I have looked on the sacred barley, I have eaten out of the drum. I have drunk and am well pleased, I have said 'Knox Ompax,' and it is finished." The effect was magical; the astonished Irishman fell back; his friends began to question him, "What barley?" "Where's the hamper?" "What have you been drinking?" and Shelley walked away unmolested.—*The Junior*.

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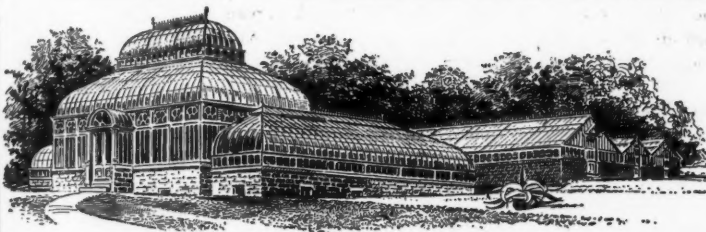
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ONCE upon a time, away back in the '60s, there was only one Pullman car. That was known as car A. It cost \$4,000—some of them cost \$40,000 now. Car A ran out of Chicago on the Alton road. George M. Pullman had evolved it. When his idea had been put into wood he mounted it on sixteen wheels and attached it to a train. Then he, personally, sold the right to sleep in it for 50 cents a chance—or 50 cents a risk, if you prefer it, for it was about one man out of five who could possibly sleep in car A of the '60s.

Fifty cents was the price, and two in a berth was the rule, as unswervable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. If some sybarite wished to sleep by himself and was extravagant enough to pay for the luxury, he paid \$1. Then he temporarily owned the berth.

One night, going out of Chicago, a long, lean, ugly man, with a wart on his cheek, came into the depot. He paid George M. Pullman 50 cents, and half a berth was assigned him. Then he took off his coat and vest and hung them up, and they fitted the peg about as well as they fitted him. Then he kicked off his boots, which were of surprising length, turned into the berth, and, having an easy conscience, was sleeping like a healthy baby before the car left the depot.

Along came another passenger, and paid his 50 cents. In two minutes he was back at George Pullman.

"There's a man in that berth of mine," said he, hotly, "and he's about ten feet high. How am I going to sleep there, I'd like to know. Go and look at him."

In went Pullman—mad, too. The tall, lank man's knees were under his chin, his arms were stretched across the bed, and his feet were stored comfortably—for him. Pullman shook him until he awoke, and then told him if he wanted the whole berth he would have to pay \$1.

"My dear sir," said the tall man, "a contract is a contract. I have paid you 50 cents for half this berth, and, as you see, I'm occupying it. There's the other half," pointing to a strip about six inches wide. "Sell that and don't disturb me again." And, so saying, the man with a wart on his face went to sleep again. He was Abraham Lincoln.—*Philadelphia Record*.

In W. R. le Fanu's "Seventy Years of Irish Life" is a reference to the visit of George IV. to Ireland in 1821, which was enlivened, as much as a state visit may be, by the following incident:

The king entered Dublin in an open carriage, drawn by eight splendid horses and attended by a number of grooms and footmen in magnificent liveries. He was in military uniform and constantly took off his hat, smiling and bowing to the people, who enthusiastically cheered him. At one point a man close to the carriage stretched out his hand to the king and said:

"Shake hands, your majesty!"

The king shook hands heartily. The man waved his hand and called out:

"Begorra, I'll never wash that hand again!"—*Youth's Companion*.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; Saarbach's News Exchange, 1 Clarastrasse, Mayence, Germany, Agents for Germany, Austria and Switzerland.

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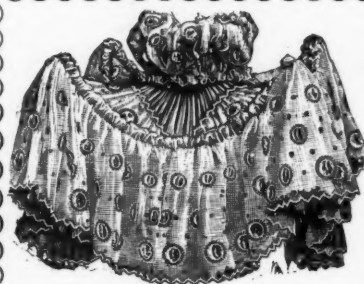
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